HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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JOHN R. FRENCH, PRINTER.

Communications.

LYME, February 21, 1842.

Imitate Christ.

Mr. Editor: The enemies of universal freedom leave no stone unturned, by which they can cast an impediment in the way of our enterprise. Some of them find fault with one thing, and some with another. This man cannot unite with us, because he don't like Garrison. That can't do it, because we petition Congress.—Another, because abolitionists are *accused* of infidelity, and another because we are harsh and denunciatory in our language. This last excuse is a very prevalent one, about in this region.—They who make it, however, have various objects in doing so. Some as an excuse for doing nothing, and others for the purpose of screening their hypocrisy. They are ready to admit that slavery is an evil, but *they* can do nothing, because we have irritated the slaveholder; he is in a passion; and a madman will not listen to calm reason and mild expostulation. They would feel guilty, it seems, to remain in their present inactivity, were it not for the course pursued by the abolitionists. This is a good reason they think, for leaving the wounded man after the manner of the *ancient* Priest and Levite. A man traveled from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. A certain abolitionist came that away, and accused the thief of robbery, and called him a pest to society.—He professed to be a Pharisee, a most holy man, and the abolitionist told him he was a most consummate hypocrite—and there he stood, charging the crime home upon the thief, till he got into a most furious rage. In the meantime, a troop of Baptists, Congregationalits, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c., passed that way, and when they came to where the wounded man laid, the abolitionist asked them to assist him in rescuing the man from the robber's power; but wrapping themselves up very composedly in the cloaks of their various sects, they replied, why, sir, you have got the man mad! and so they passed by on the other side.

These people tell us that Christ came into the world, and He left us an example to follow.—Pattern after Him, say they.—Love is the weapon that strikes home. This is what we want to reform the world.—Don't be rude and harsh, and throw a man into a defensive attitude. No, imitate Christ. Well, then, let us see what His example was. He had just such a set of religious pretenders to encounter, as abolitionists have. There is abundant evidence of it; and any one who has the least acquaintance with the New Testament, will see at once, that He told them their true character, in plain words. He called them hypocrites, blind guides, children of their father the Devil, a generation of vipers, an evil and adulterous generation, whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones; He accused them of turning God's house into a den of *thieves*, of robbing houses, and robbing God, and slaying the prophets; of neglecting mercy and justice; and for the remainder of His example in this behalf, let the reader look to his Bible. It would take a volume to contain the whole. Read particularly the 23d chapter of Matthew. Yes, let us imitate Christ. Why, we have hardly made a school-boy's copy yet. We have denounced the clergy as a "Brotherhood of Thieves," when we ought to have taken the whole connexion, priest, and people, and meeting-house, and called them a "*den* of thieves." If we had done this, some Rev. D. D. perhaps, answering to the ancient lawyer, whose duty was to "expound" the divine law, would have bustled up and exclaimed, sirs, "by so saying ye reproach us;" and if we were to imitate Christ, we should have said, "woe unto you lawyers, ye shut up the kingdom of heaven, ye will not go in yourselves and they that would go in ye hinder."

By this time somebody says, but Christ was a divine Being, He knew the hearts of the children of men, He might with propriety use such language, but we are not authorized to do so.—You shift your ground then, it seems. In the first place, tell us to imitate Christ, and then deny that we have the proper authority. To such miserable shifts is error driven. It is wearisome to ferret it out of all its hiding places; but the work must be done. So long as there is a kennel left, or a burrow that is not dug open, slaveholders and their abettors will seek a shelter in it. Abolitionists have got the work to do. These refuges of lies must be destroyed, and the unclean animals that find refuge in them, made to stand out, in open day, to the shafts of truth, and appeals in behalf of crushed humanity, or the slave will never be free.

It is no evidence of a want of love, when abolitionists make use of strong language, in the expression of their sentiments. When Christ used words, such as are referred to above, he could weep over Jerusalem, and say "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not." This is the spirit that should animate us. Abolitionists have strong feelings. A man, possessed of a cold, calculating, Arctic soul, will never be an abolitionist, till liberty becomes popular. He must be driven into it by the current. But a man, whose breast glows with benevolence, who hates oppression, who loves to see others as happy as himself, has a natural affinity to abolitionism. He will be an abolitionist, unless some anterior influence has fastened him to party, or sect, and acting in a closer connection, overpowers his humanity, just as the magnet has not power to raise the steel, till it is brought sufficiently near to counterbalance the attraction of the earth.—This feeling is common to our natures. All men posses it in various degrees, and all men would be abolitionists, were it not for the fact, that sect and party have drawn them away; and priests and politicians take great pains to keep their followers beyond the reach of abolition attraction. So long as they can do this, they are sure to be supported by their deluded retinue; and when they fail to do it, there is danger that they will lose this support. Hence, it is of great importance, that we should show the people how corrupt the pro-slavery church is—that it is a mere worldly association, well described, and our meaning easily understood, when we say it is a *corporation*. In fact, the greater part of them are incorporated by act of the legislature, as much as the Concord and Nashua railroad company. The people must see that they are a combination of hypocrites, who make clean only the outside; that they are a generation of vipers, blind guides, robbers, thieves, imps of the Devil and emissaries of Satan. They must see this, in order to weaken their confidence in and attachment to them.—In proportion as this is done, they will be approximating to christianity, and brought under the influence of that religion, which requires us to do unto others as we would wish them to do to us in like circumstances. If a physician is under the necessity of cutting out a tumor to save the life of a patient, we never imagine that he lacks common affection for him. True, it is a painful operation to bear, but his life depends upon it. So of the church. Emolients can never cure her. Her case is so far gone, that nothing but excision or powerful causties can remove her plague. That was the condition of the Scribes and Pharisees, some eighteen hundred years ago; and the great Physician, who undertook to show us the proper treatment in such cases, has left on record the most effectual mode that could possibly be desired. If this fails, the patient must die; and we are accused of unnecessary severity for adopting it. The accusation too is brought by the very people who call loudly upon us to imitate Christ. This shows how ignorant they are, both of their own condition and Christ's example. Slavery has existed in this country some two hundred years, and men, professing to be christians, and servants of Christ,—men, who all this time have acknowledged it to be a most heinous sin; men, who have professed also to hold a commission from high heaven, and practice after the example of Christ, have been applying their quack nostrums; but the disease has been spreading wider and striking deeper. This never could have happened, if they had in reality followed the pattern they so much extal. If the church had treated slaveholders as they deserve—as Christ would have done—as abolitionists are doing even, however short we have come in following Christ, slavery would have been no more, long before the present generation were born. When abolitionists have followed up their mode of treatment for two hundred years, if slavery then exists in these United States, whoever lives at that day may with some propriety call upon them to adopt milder language; but in the meantime let abolitionists *imitate Christ*.

S. FLINT, Jr.

Increase of our Churches at the South.—According to the Religious Herald, not less than 5,000 persons have been added to the Baptist churches in Virginia by baptism during the past year. In the States of Georgia, Alabama, Missippi, and Louisiana, not less than 9000. In the latter State the number of Baptists have been more than doubled. In Virginia two new churches have been constituted, seven new brick meeting-houses built, many Sabbath schools established, and several promising young men sent forth into the ministry.—*Ch. Watch.*

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., March 8, 1842.

More Outrages---Howard Street Church in Salem Defended by Mobs.

Brother Rogers: You will do as you think best about giving insertion to my communications coming as they do from another State. I will just say that I write only at the earnest solicitation of the friends, who feel desirous that some of the scenes they witness should be chronicled, partly for the benefit of those concerned, but chiefly that being thus made matter of history, posterity may be made acquainted with the progress of society through the barbarous age in which we now live.

Scarcely do I visit a place in which there is not very much that is worthy of record. I have recently held three discussions at North Danvers, the parish of Reverend Milton P. Braman. On the previous evening, the gallant Anti-Slavery band at New Mills went up and most admirably prepared the way by a spirited discussion on first principles. Not a year ago, the church in large majority bound themselves *by solemn written vow, never* to admit the subject of anti-slavery into any church meeting. This madly inhuman act, was treated in our meetings in some degree as it deserved. Three evenings afterwards, the agent of New-Organization addressed that church, and it passed (I believe unanimously,) what he pronounced strong anti-slavery resolutions!!

I have also attended four crowded meetings at South Parish. The interest was very great, but nothing uncommon occurred. My only opponent there, would have done his own cause more justice, by letting it alone.

Salem has at length revealed her true character. She has "defined her position." Both her anti-slavery and pro-slavery are now understood. This proud city once gained a reputation by hanging Witches, whipping Quakers, and banishing Baptists. Her present hatred and persecution of colored people is no less inhuman. The doors of its Lyceums are barred and bolted against them. The magnificent Museum also scowls upon them, and denies their entrance. It is full of curiosities brought from their father land, but they see them not. Figures of men large as life are there, from many countries and of every complexion, but no eye may gaze upon them that lights other than the soul of Anglo Saxon. The churches too (we *may perhaps* except one,) admit them only on condition that they pack off together to the "Negro Pew." The rail-road station too has in this city been witness to scenes that —— but I will not describe them. The readers of the Herald have heard of them. And when the Legislature whose session has just closed, proposed to pass a law to prevent such outrages, the citizens here at once met them with a stern remonstrance, and the bill was lost. This was done only the week before my arrival in the city.

Such are a few of the circumstances under which I commenced my labors. The first meeting was held in the Union Bethel, belonging to the colored people. Of course few attended in such a place but colored people, and the other abolitionists, scarcely as many in number as were required to save a city whose overthrow is an important item in bible history; and whose character I fear might not have suffered in comparison with this. Prejudice against color was the main subject of remark. This meeting was adjourned to the next evening at the basement of the Mechanic Hall, occupied on Sunday by the church and society of A. G. Comings.—This meeting also was but thinly attended. There seemed an intention to keep out the subject, by a kind of neglectful contempt. I ventured some assertions however of a rather startling character, which going abroad, gave us on the next evening a crowded house. The assertions had respect to the anti-slavery character of Howard Street church, where Charles T. Torrey and Geo. B. Cheever have formerly been pastors. I proposed to examine its claim to the name of Anti-Slavery.—Its defenders came, but it was a strange defence they made. They admitted that their minister often exchanged pulpits with Mr. Worcester of the Tabernacle, and that he was pro-slavery even to defending man-stealers from the bible. They admitted that their church contributed extensively to Missionary, Bible and other societies that are supported and managed in part by man-stealers. They admitted that the member of their church who introduced the resolutions passed seven years ago on which they rest their claim to anti-slavery character, has since owned (if he did not at the time) part in a store in Nashville, Tennessee; and that he was not so zealous as to prevent his residence there a considerable time, without meeting the fate of Lovejoy, Dresser, Hopper, Crandall, or even Torrey. They admitted that Isaac P. Foster, the leading church member, who pays (I was informed) 225 dollars a year to the minister, voted in the Legislature only the week before, for the indefinite postponement of the bill to repeal the odious marriage law that still disgraces the statute book of this State. They admitted that when invitation was given at their sacramental board it was "*to all* members of sister churches in regular standing," and that the slave-holder might consider himself invited unless he had in some way happened to see their resolution passed seven years ago. They admitted themselves to be part and parcel of the Essex County and Massachusetts Associations, both of which most directly sustain slavery. Such were the admissions. And then both their meeting-house and vestry were flatly refused to hold one of our meetings in. Geo. H. Smith another of the pillars of the church, and one of the city aristocracy declared in conversation that the intermarriage law *ought not to be repealed;* and another influential member of the same congregation gave it as his opinion that if a colored man should buy a central pew in the house a *dozen families would leave the society!*

This was the anti-slavery of Howard Street church. No wonder Benjamin A. Gray, a prominent member, grew warm in endeavoring to defend its character. This could have been pardoned. But he became at length highly abusive. He charged me with having meditatd the destruction of the *christian* church, ministry and Sabbath; as being a non-resistant, and many other things, in apparently a most bitter spirit; said the Garrison party were doing no good; complained that we tried *christian!* churches and ministers before tribunals of wicked men; accused brother Hayward of having left his bible and church meeting and taken council with the ungodly, (meaning those not church members,) and closed by expressing a hope that the audience would not be influenced by any thing we were doing.

Others had spoken on the same behalf, but Gray's speech called up our sterling friend Charles L. Remond. He was heard with deep interest, but the lateness of the hour prevented him from a reply; and as we contemplated adjourning to the next evening, he deferred until that time.

The following evening brought together more than could possibly find admittance. The meeting commenced with prayer and reading the 23d chap. of Matthew. I then occupied some time on the character and position of Howard Street church; making no allusion to Gray's impudent speech of the evening before, and then gave way to brother Remond. He took up the charge that "the Garrison party were doing nothing for the slave," and did the author of it ample justice. The countenances of the colored people while he bestowed a well-deserved eulogium upon Garrison, showed that they could yet appreciate the labors of their real friends. He was followed by Gray in a most inflammatory speech, well adapted to provoke the scenes we were soon to witness. Two or three others also spoke on both sides of the question, and notice was then given in the midst of great confusion, of a meeting on a following evening in the same place. At this moment a ruffian looking fellow mounted a seat, and in most Inquisitorial manner declared, "you can hold another meeting on condition that you *say nothing about Howard Street Church or any other!!*" Brother Hayward asked if that were said in good faith, and was assured that it was, and that this was *peremptory*. I then rose in the midst of the tumult, and protested against any such doctrine as that church character could not at any time be subjects of investigation, and assured the assembly that we should hold our meeting and discuss Howard St., or any other church. This was the signal apparently, for a general outbreak. The Chapel was crowed to suffocation, but in less than three minutes every slip between the door and altar on the side of the aisle occupied by the men, was demolished, and most of the material split to very oven-wood. Most of the lamps too were immediately extinguished, some of the reflectors broken, and the glass dashed among the ruins of the slips. At the same instant on the other side, some half dozen or more slips were battered down, and shared the general ruin. The confusion at this moment beggars all description.—The doors were so thronged that to leave was out of the question. Many of the women were greatly terrified and at much hazard, escaped through the windows. One, I was told the next morning, fainted away, but I did not see her. An hour before this, we had been well nigh broken up by a cry of Fire! raised by the rioters in the vestibule, but the climax of confusion was now. I learned afterwards that a number of my friends had an eye all the while to my personal safety on account of some intimations they heard, or overheard, but no violence was offered, nor did I for a moment anticipate it.—Gray had taunted me with being a Non-Resistant; but non resistance at such a moment, is both shield and buckler. Better is it than the horses and chariots of Egypt.

The next morning I visited the Chapel, and could but weep at the scattered monuments of the last night's outrage.

But the anti-slavery cause was not all that suffered. While the proud pagodas of Essex, and Court and Chesnut Streets were all closed against us, Mr. Comings threw open the doors of his *hired* chapel and bade us welcome, charging barely sufficient to furnish lights and fuel. The haughty Directors of Mechanic Hall held a meeting immediately and sent brother Comings a letter from which this is an extract:

"Voted unanimously, That the Salem Free Church be requested to vacate the room occupied by them in Mechanic Hall *forthwith*—and that the Secretary be ordered to notify them by sending a copy of this vote. Pursuant to the above I hereby notify you that I shall take possession of the room *immediately*, and request that you will cease to occupy it from and after *this day*.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY B. GRAVES."

Some little delay took place, and the first the society knew, their Library and whatever else belonged to them, was hurled into the street.—Their rent had ever been punctually paid always on the day it was due, and they were entitled to the chapel three months after notice given that they must vacate it. But the Directors knowing they would not contend, drove them out without ceremony.

Our next and last meeting was held at the Union Bethel. I will not trouble you with a detailed account of it. It was thought best to have a Chairman and Richard Chipman was appointed. He suggested that we have a resolution, and I hastily wrote the following: That both the Religion and Politics of our country support slavery, and are therefore of the Devil. The reading of this, greatly incensed the rowdies who had come to defend the church, and the meeting was at times highly tumultuous. Deacon Measury was too base to deserve any reply, and he received about his desert. He has before many times I was told, abused the colored people almost beyond endurance. Pro-Slavery had better get *more decent advocates*, if it hopes to prosper. As we had been *forbidden* to speak of Howard St. Church, I occupied most of my time in exposing its hypocrisy. The storm raged meanwhile in the porch and about the door, with great violence. One woman in going out being unwell, was assaulted, her bonnet and cap torn off, and her dress otherwise much injured. A colored young man was also attacked in the porch, knocked down and pitched out of doors. He gathered himself up and ran, but was pursued. He threw a stone at his pursuers, and the individual hit prosecuted him for an assault. The suit was brought before J. G. Waters.—After a patient hearing of the case, he gave it as his opinion that the plaintiff was more properly one to be *complained of* than to be entering a complaint, and the defendant was very honorably discharged.

Thus terminated my labors in Salem. I will not make comments. I only wish brother Rogers, that you would remember those hypocritical churches that pass what they call anti-slavery resolutions, and then are *as* pro-slavery (if not more so) as ever. You have many such in New-Hampshire.

Yours as ever,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

P. S. I have learned to day while in Salem, that the Tabernacle church passed anti-slavery resolutions in church meeting last evening. It was done in self-defence. I hope every church in the County will be thus pushed, and I think they will. But let us not regard it as any *separation* from slavery. P. P.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb'y 14, 1842.

This is said to be an age of reform. It may be so, and I hope that the strictest scrutiny will not prove the assertion false. And if it be true, the position of the reformer is not uncalled for, however unwelcome his words and actions may be to the world. It is also an age of refinement, an important era in the history of the world.—That the present is a period of unprecedented dissipation and oppression, is not less correct than is the fact that the diffusion of knowledge has of late become more general than at any former time of which we have any information. It is wisdom then for those who wish for a different state of things to enquire into the cause of the degeneracy of the age in order to select a proper remedy. I confess I am not surprised at the inability of the (would be) wise to account for the moral condition of the world. Their story is apparently a fair one. They say there never was a time when so much was doing for the christianizing, civilizing and reforming of mankind as is being done at the present day. Hear them. We are sending missionaries by hundreds and by thousands to the benighted of the human race. The blessed Bible too is translated into every tongue. Our press is continually teeming with words of immortal truth in the form of tracts, going forth like angels in heaven on their errand of mercy to bring the ends of the earth under their blissful influence. Another class of reformers tell us of the exertions making in behalf of the enslaved, and are very sanguine that the time is at hand when the bondman shall be free. Yet success does not attend their exertions; powerful as they are, they find themselves farther from the goal than when they commenced the race; in both instances this is apparently the case. Human wisdom, alias policy too often blinds the vision of the enquirer after truth, which, aside from that would make him an efficient, active reformer. He would then see that religion, which is the relation between man and his Maker, himself and his brother man, has deteriorated as a general thing since the days of the primitive church.—Since the accomplished representative of a most

powerful people undertook to manage the affairs of religion, or rather to protect it, from that moment was heaven insulted, Omnipotence denied. The tender plant needs greater care than one more advanced towards maturity, and if the soil, situation and culture are congenial, it thrives on and becomes a towering oak. Christianity flourished and its fruit bore witness of its excellency. But from the moment man began to prune and dig about it, it began to wither, for it was a celestial plant. The rude hand of man has in a measure destroyed its fruitfulness and been proportionably deprived of its benefits.

In its infancy christianity flourished to an astonishing extent. Neither wisdom (save eternal) nor riches were thought of as auxiliaries to its prosperity. But how often do we hear most eloquent calls for pecuniary aid from the pulpit and the press. Only give us of your temporal goods and we will christianize the world. Money they call for, by all that is sacred. Some of them even predict the near approach of the "end" and are anxious to preach the gospel every where. Hence these urgent appeals and almost super-human exertions. But unfortunately for this class of philanthropists, the civilized world is discovered to be in a state of bankruptcy. What then is to be done? they can do nothing without money! And so I suppose at last that the end of the world will not arrive until the fiscal affairs of the two leading nations become regulated. I have come to a point where we may dwell with interest. Great Britain has done more to civilize the world than any people. She sends her ships to the most distant climes. Her laws are understood and spoken the earth around. The sun never sets upon the monuments of English prowess and skill. Where the sons of Britain are found there is also the Bible, civilization and refinement. In fact she stands pre-eminent in the constellation of nations. *She also stands pre-eminent in all that is atrocious and degrading in human nature.* On this ground she stands wedded to the christian church, and in the name of God and religion has perpetrated some of the darkest deeds contained in the history of man. What is her carrying civilization and refinement to the barbarians? precisely what dark and threatning clouds are to a balmy morning; sickness to health; deformity to beauty. There is contagion in her touch. She carries in one hand religion and civilization with all their paraphernalia, in the other the exterminating sword.—The very ships that take out her missionaries, bibles, tracts, &c. return laden with the unpaid labor of the poor heathen, who is left to the agonies of starvation. Her statesmen are *wise* in these matters. The religion they send, or allow to be sent is quite different from what they practice, if such a moral absurdity deserves the name of religion. They would have men humble and submissive, while themselves are grasping at the whole earth; they would encourage agriculture; make the earth bloom like a garden, so they might reap the harvest. Their affection for the poor soul is such that they cannot rest until he comes to a perception of British Freedom, but piously present the Word of God, after the cannon has proclaimed the words of the king. In imagination we are carried back to the times of Rome, prior to the conquest of Britain. The desire to convert the then barbarous Britons had quite as much influence in the councils of Cæsar as any thing else, and finally decided in favor of conquest.

How christian-like do the present Britons follow the example of Cæsar; the glorious children of an immorial (pagan) sire. The philosophy of destroying men's happiness in this life, in order to augment the same in the next, is to some an anomaly, and I confess it is to me. Yet it has been acted upon for centuries, and by the British carried to perfection, if it admits of such a state. What but utter remorselessness can direct the councils of that nation, standing as she does on the pinnacle of human glory. In her flickering light is not a single beam of the rainbow promise or hope. Its rays are composed of the most egregious selfishness, for their light benefits none but herself. Whether we contemplate the miseries endured by the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia prior to the American Revolution, who were driven into exile, pillaged and insulted; lighed from their shores by the blaze of their own homes—or their later but not less unjust policy towards their brethren of the American Colonies, which gave rise to the revolution; the barbarous course pursued towards her own poor, whose groans are echoed from pole to pole; the injustice practiced for a long series of years in the East, where her allies, starvation and the sword, have destroyed millions of men and reduced more to most degrading servitude—or this last, though by no means *least* perpetration of wrong in the catalogue of her crimes, (the China war) we can but be convinced of the painful truth that her policy is as it ever has been, of that diabolical kind which might well become the fiends of Tartarus. It is not my intention to enter into particulars relating to these supposed wrongs, for every general reader must be but too well acquainted with them. But let us look nearer home. Are we not also in fault? have we as a people done nothing to contribute to the alarming vices of the age? have we not in the pride of ancestry copied the policy of that people whose blood flows in our veins. Have we not aped in a *limited* degree the savage revenge of the mother country, who, though we were her offspring, would have crushed to the earth. Have we done no injustice to the former lords of this soil aside from what may be charged to the mother country? Do we not assert to the world, and call heaven to witness, that all men are born equal? at the same time we contradict the assertion by allowing the presence of hateful slavery. The reader must finish the picture. It is to me a painful one; so much so that I would never wish to look upon it. But unpleasing as these things are, they must be discussed or they can never be remedied. So long as Great Britain on the one side of the water, and the United States on the other, pursue their present course, there can be but little hope of reform. Let things be called by their right names. Let men every where respect that religion which makes them happier and better, and that alone; then shall we see reform advancing in rapid strides, until the whole earth shall become a perfect Elysium. A great work is to be done at home before we can affect any good abroad.

If our own vision is deficient we certainly cannot hope to relieve our neighbors of the same evil. Let us see clearly first *ourselves*, for to this country belongs the arduous task of establishing the throne of Truth. Among the nations there is every appearance that the politics of the world are undergoing a change, imperceptably perhaps, but not the less sure. Let England take warning. A sound which the roaring of the mighty Atlantic cannot drown comes to our ears. Subterranean fires are in her midst, and the time will come when an eruption will make desolation terrible. For ourselves too, it were well to look about us. True, we do not conquer foreign lands to enslave the inhabitants, (we enslave our own) yet we are by no means clean handed in this matter, for oppression is interwoven in many of our institutions and calls loudly for reform. And it will be well for those who enlist in this work to bear in mind that labor is vain unless conducted on the principles of that institution which inculcates peace on earth and good will towards men. R. R.

Extract of a Letter from C. C. Burleigh.

You may perhaps have seen by the Vermont papers that I have been cruising about this State, for some weeks past. My tour of duty is now nearly finished. We have had *some* stirring Conventions. You would have been amused (as well as affected otherwise, perhaps) had you been at our last one, at Burligton, and heard "Rev." brother Converse, who is as much an abolitionist as any body, and 'yields to no man, in abhorrence for the wicked system, and desire for its speedy overthrow,' set forth the merits of his church, and its faithful dealings with slaveholders; and then to have heard lawyer Adams the Unitarian, and political editor Stacey, the Congregational Nothingarian, spout in defence of 'the pious, amiable, and reverend gentleman,' and the rights of the Congregational chh.—and to have listened to their furious denunciations of denunciation, poured out as *coolly* as a stream of lava from the crater of Vesuvius—as calmly as a West India tornado. You would have thought they considered me about all the bad things in the universe, this side the dominions of his Majesty down stairs, in the cook room. But I was going to tell you brother Converse's and his church's manful and christian testimony to the utter sinfulness of slavery. A member removed some three years ago, to the South, and after a time asked for a letter of dismission from the Burlington church to that within the limits of which he now lives. Meanwhile he had married a slave-gang and continued to be a slaveholder. So brother Converse and his church wrote the letter called for, saying the man was in regular standing when he left them, but adding—for they felt constrained, you know, to rebuke the enormous sin of slavery—that a rumor had reached them that their brother had become a slaveholder, which they considered ——*wrong*—and a disciplinable offence, and —what think you?—requesting the church there, (that band of slaveholders, that "brotherhood of thieves," as you and Henry C. and Abby would call it) to *deal* with the man, for his departure from the right way. Oh! if the parson and his church *didn't* get combed down—and that too by his own sort of folks—Congregational church members and a Congregational minister—its a pity! Some of the laity however, rushed to his rescue, and among them, besides the illustrious worthies already mentioned, no less a man than the Governor's private secretary. We "battled the watch" on the resolutions which called out parson Converse, so long that it pushed the other business over to nearly 11 o'clock at night, before it was finished. I believe only one before-known-abolitionist, or possibly two, voted against the resolutions at last, and so all the fire and eloquence of lawyer, editor and secretary, seemed to have been thrown away.

Asleep--but not Dead!

That spirit of lawless violence which a few years ago was so rampant in defense of the slavocracy, is not yet completely routed from the land. In many of our villages, where the abolitionists have been napping for these two or three years past, the foul spirit still nestles—ready to dart out its fiery tongue and to lash the ground with its tail, at the first sound to arms by the friends of righteousness. Let napping abolitionists arouse themselves—light anew their torches, and flashing their blaze into the very face and eyes of these grim spirits of darkness, drive them from the homes of humanity.

Thursday afternoon I left the Franklin Convention, in company with our fugitive brother Johnson and our active friend Bean of Sanbornton Bridge, to attend a meeting in the evening at that busy village. We met a goodly number of the people at the meeting-house from the pulpit of which George Storrs was dragged by the "HONORABLE Samuel Tilton." Not often is it, that abolitionists receive peculiar honors from the world—but here, wonderful to tell, we were received amid the discharge of fire arms—the rattling of clubs—the long drawn blasts of the tin-horn, and the shout of the populace. Not being able to disturb the meeting by this racket in the entry and about the house, some thirty of the promising young men, screwed up their courage, and headed, not as in other days by Samuel Tilton, but by his old "messmate" in debauchery and drunkenness, "Bill Follansbee," entered the church, and by their loud talk and profanity, attempted to break up the meeting; but disappointment was their lot, and after a short time the valiant Follansbee hobbled off with a portion of his men, and left us to finish our talk in peace. Our Sanbornton and Northfield friends must persuade that poor deluded *brother* Follansbee to stop his rum traffic, for he is a brother of the one great family, and may yet, by the power of truth and love be saved, though now almost robbed of his humanity by the debasement and pollution of sin,—or else hold anti-slavery meetings oftener, if they would have them in quietness.

A week ago Sabbath evening, I attended a meeting in company with friend Johnson, at Loudon Mills. The congregation was large and attentive, and I trust some good was done.

JOHN R. FRENCH

Concord, 8th March.

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1842.

☞ George Foster, of Andover, Mass., is an authorized Agent for the Herald of Freedom. His receipt for money will be acknowledged at this office, the same as if given by ourself.

J. R. French, Pub. Agent.

Concord, March 7, 1842

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society, March 15, 1842,

Voted unanimously, to invite Charles C. Burleigh to come and lecture in the State, the coming season, to the Annual Meeting.

ALBE CADY, Rec. Sec.

C. C. Burleigh.

We hope our devoted brother, above named, will take into consideration the vote of invitation of our Board of Managers to him, to come into New-Hampshire, and lecture the coming season. We think the people of this State are unusually inclined now to hear the truth about human rights. Impressions have been made on the power of the pro-slavery priesthood and of party, which open the way, in an unusual degree, to the public ear for moral truth.—We know no man living, who can advocate truth like Charles Burleigh. Whether those who would hear and admire him, would believe and be converted, is another question. They have had Pillsbury and Foster.—They have the Herald of Freedom.—They have their own consciences (what there is of them) and their own five senses, either one of which is enough to make any honest man an abolitionist. They have Moses and the prophets.—If they wont believe these—neither would they Burleigh, or one from the dead. Nevertheless it is the duty of anti-slavery to try patiently even unto death.—We must live and die in the harness and in the field, whether men hear or forbear to hear.—To speak is our duty—the hearing is an affair of their's. We think they would hear Burleigh, at least for a time,—till the clergy could rally and provide for the exigency. Give them a little time, and with holy day—holy house—and holy corporation, the holy priesthood would manage to leave him out doors, with all his oratory, or bare walls in town-house or barn. Give them the *holy means*, and these friars will make hawk's-meat of any enterprise they please. If Burleigh would put himself under their lead, and treat anti-slavery as a mere question of politics, and lecture Wednesdays, instead of Sundays, the priests *might* bring the whole *orderly* population of the country out to hear him. But if he advocate anti-slavery as a question of humanity—as a moral question, and especially a christian question,—if he illustrates by the story of the good Samaritan, he will make them as jealous as the grave, and they will resist him unto death.

We are filled with admiration when we contemplate the movements and character of Charles Burleigh. He is undoubtedly one of the first orators—probably the very first of his age, in the land. We have never heard any body match him, in every department of eloquence. His argument is as perfect and complete and unincumbered as Euclid's. It is certainty. The English language is at his tongue's end.—And he has an imagination equal to Milton's, without any of his British superstition and bull-dog bigotry. His illustration is as copious as nature, and he can paint with more than the powers of the pencil. His images are not resemblances. They are realities.—Not copies, but originals. His thunder-storm, for instance, the other night at Franklin, we could see it—and hear it. For a moment we lost sight of the objects of sense around us, and lived only in the elemental war he was waging. And it cost him no effort, but of the body. His lightning, as it *crinkled* on the surface of the stream, and reddened the woods, was as palpable as any that ever burst from a cloud. And the loud, terrible thunder—we heard it, as when it strikes. His illustration too of the utter safety and self-regulating power of liberty—and the unreasonableness of fearing its extravagancy. He compared it to men's fear, when they witness the heavings of a volcano, or the swell of the ocean, that gravitation itself was about to be overmatched by the projectile action, and all things—planet and all, to be hove to the stars. The self-regulating power that God had provided to keep things in their places—he handled it with overwhelming, sublimating beauty, and with most perfect and just illustration of his position. But we have not time to sketch him—nor power. Folks must hear him. We hope he will come here. He could do more good here than any where else. We are the *toughest* people in the land—the moral granite, and Burleigh is the sculpter to hew us into shape.

Francestown, Feb'y, 1842.

Brother Rogers: I cannot but feel an unwillingness again to trouble you with a communication, or to lay before the intelligent readers of your invaluable paper, any production of mine, which of course from its origin must be feeble indeed,—and were it not that the cause of truth and justice (which renders to every one his due) seems to demand it, I should excuse myself from the unwelcome task.

The object of this communication is to notice some things which have appeared in the Farmer's Cabinet, which from the fact of its being found there we might be very sure was intended to injure the anti-slavery enterprise. The article to which I allude was taken from the Salem Register, credited to a correspondent without signature, purporting to be an account of the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. It may be found in the Cabinet of the 5th inst. I do not intend to review this article, but only to notice a few points which tend to set you down as an Infidel, and the faithful Herald as an Infidel paper, and all who patronize it as of the same character. These points are your views with regard to the Church, the Clergy, the House of God, and the Sabbath. There are many hard things reported to have been said by yourself and others, which I doubt not were supported by sound argument, which would convince any who would use common sense. I am well aware that detached parts of almost any discourse may be reported without explanations connected with them, and they will convey altogether a different meaning from that intended. Now from what I know of you through the medium of your paper, I cannot but think that you regard the Sabbath as "Holy to the Lord," not so holy to sect that the cause of bleeding, degraded humanity must be excluded from its sacred hours. I doubt not that it is this halo of sanctity which the religionists of the present day have drawn around it, that you and every other friend of suffering humanity can but wish to have torn away. I presume that you regard the Sabbath not as did the Pharisees of old, but as our Saviour did, who when on earth went about doing good, not merely during the other six days of the week, but also on the Sabbath day.(1) Now the hue and cry is here, and probably all around us throughout the State, and country, that Abolitionists are endeavoring to destroy all the institutions of the gospel; but this I cannot admit. I would ask these accusers, what the gospel is, and what its institutions are? Is not the gospel good news of salvation to all men, him of the ebony hue as well as the proud pale-face who dares enslave his fellow-man? Is it not an institution of the gospel to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound? Is not this the true gospel, and is not this the kind of preaching which Abolitionists advocate?(2) And I have no doubt brother Rogers but you would regard that as a house of God, if such an one could be found in our land, where such a gospel could be preached, (3) and probably you would be willing to acknowledge some christianity in a church, if one could be found which would not tolerate a negro pew.(4)

I shall not pursue this subject any farther, but will only say if these ideas do not correspond with yours I shall be happy to know it, and if they do and you shall please to make any further remarks in explanation of these points, it will afford me more pleasure still.

Brother Rogers, I now wish to express a few thoughts and state a few facts in relation to a subject which I think is not foreign to the object of the Herald, which I understand to be to expose the sin of Slavery and the sinfulness of all influences which in any way help to sustain it. I now allude to the practice of co-operating with those who are making heathen in our own land to send the gospel to the heathen the other side of the globe. The reason for introducing this subject will probably be shown in the course of my remarks. Since I have been made acquainted with the connection which the so-called benevolent institutions of the churches have with slavery, I have felt it to be wrong to give and for two years past have refused to contribute and have by no means been careful to conceal my position. I cannot but think that this is one of the stones in the pillar that is sustaining slavery. Sometime last Summer as the church were about to hold a fast for their sins, I felt it a duty to bring this subject to view, enquiring if there might not be guilt in relation to it, as the church were then and still are in full fellowship with slavery. Accordingly I sent a communication to the church, but as it was from a female it was little regarded. Your readers know something of the character and doings of anti-slavery, or perhaps I ought to say pro-slavery, from the account you gave of your treatment here, and from a former communication from me. About the first of February, our pastor, Mr. Davenport, preached a sermon pointing out the sins of the church, and among other things that which gave rise to the following communication:

Francestown, Feb., 1842.

To the Church:

My Friends: Feeling it a duty to make a communication to you, and being unaccustomed to speak in public, and from natural diffidence or want of confidence, feeling that I could not say what I wish to, either to satisfy myself or others in an extempore manner, therefore I take the liberty to place my thoughts on paper, and engage a friend to read them.

The subject of this communication is, I think, intimately connected with this meeting, or I should not intrude upon its precious time. I must now necessarily allude to our pastor's discourse on Friday last, which I heard, as I would fain hope, with some degree of humility; but there was one charge brought indiscriminately against the church, and of course against individuals, which I could not but feel was in a measure unjust; and as our pastor seemed kindly wished that if any thing had been said which was not correct, it might be rectified, or something that implied that, if not exactly those words, I trust he will permit me in my simple, humble manner, to point it out.

We were told that the contributions of this church the past year had not only not exceeded the contributions of other years, but had fallen short, and this failure is attributed to the covetousness of the church. Now I would just ask, is there not good reason to believe that there are some, (I will not say many, for I know the number to be small) who withhold their contributions from other, and I trust, better motives than covetousness? We were not told how far the contributions have fallen short, and I know not but it might in part be justly attributed to the above named cause. I am aware that the mite which I have formerly been able to give, would scarcely be missed from so rich a treasury; but I know there are others who have withheld their contributions for the same reasons with myself, whose deficiency would be more sensibly felt.

And now for my reasons. For myself I can say that I never felt disposed to say, as I have sometimes heard said, in an insinuating manner, that I did not know what became of my money; on the contrary I had as much confidence as any one in those *Teachers in Israel*, as they are emphatically called, who have the management of the missionary cause. I always gave in my contributions cheerfully, only regretting that I had not more to give. This did so long as I was kept in ignorance of the real state of things; and I might still have remained in ignorance, and the churches generally might have been in ignorance, had it not been for some disinterested spirit, who feared God rather than man, and could not remain at ease in Zion, and let Zion remain at ease in all her iniquities. It is not therefore because I *do not* know what becomes of our charities, but because I *do* know where they go, that I refuse to give. It is because I know that our treasuries are emptied into the same treasury with those of the slaveholders, who bring the avails of the merchandise of the souls and bodies of the most degraded heathen here in our land, to be piously expended in sending the gospel to the heathen the other side of the globe. This is the reason why I have withheld my contributions, and I know there are some others who have done the same for the same cause, and I would here call upon them to let their principles be known, and no longer sustain the charge of covetousness, when they have acted from a high and abiding sense of duty. I have thought of writing much more, and supporting my position by some arguments; but perhaps I have already written more than your patience will hold out to hear, and therefore shall pursue the subject no farther. I will just say however, that should any objections be made, I will endeavor to meet them in my feeble manner.

F. C. S. EVERETT.

Before this was read, Mr. Davenport remarked (it being a Monthly Concert for Missions) that if any one had not confidence in the channel to say so, of course this was consided a suitable time for the introduction of the subject. After it was read, a Deacon remarked that he did not see what that had to do with the present meeting, to which Mr. D. replied if he had not had confidence in the church he should have requested that it should not have been read. So we see that let the matter have been what it might, truth, or falsehood, it must have been denied a hearing had it not been that the pastor had confidence that the church would act as he told them. Now to use a Congress phrase, I shall just call this the gagging principle.

Mr. Davenport farther said, that he was happy to meet the subject that he might have an opportunity of expressing his views; and introduced the story of Mr. Worcester, who was far before his age in preaching Temperance; came out boldly against distilleries, &c. At length a distiller, probably wishing to shut his mouth and quiet his own conscience, brought a contribution of $100 to him for missions, which Mr. W. accepted, remarking that if the Devil's water would carry the Lord's mill he did not know as he could object. Now this story may excite a smile, but in my view it is an argument against rather than in favor of the subject, for what effect can we suppose the preaching of Mr. W. would have on the conscience of the distiller? The same I presume that the preaching of abolitionists would have on the consciences of slaveholders, (if they preach at all) and yet continue to fellowship them and join with them in sending the gospel to the heathen. I should like to know why our churches through their ministers sent a memorial to the American Board if they supposed there was nothing wrong on the subject. Probably to have the appearance of doing something which ultraists were not doing. I should not be at all surprised if they should gain the appellation of dough-faces, as our northern statesmen have from their ready acquiesence in southern views and measures.

I now wish to show the views of some of the church in this matter. A dear sister in a communication (the nature of which may be known by this extract) says, "Sooner than have caused such an instrument to be read at such a time, I would have said let my right arm fall from its socket; yea, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." She wishes me if I do not regard my own credit to have sufficient regard for the feelings of my husband's relations, for she is indeed a *sister*, to refrain from bringing any more communications before the church. My husband is taunted with firing under false colors, the delicate name attached to those colors I shall not give, those will understand it who invented and circulate the slander, for such it is, for he has never been backward to give his opinion on all abolition questions. With regard to my own credit it has not the weight of a straw on my mind, for our blessed Master made himself of no reputation, and it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Lord. But for other considerations I think I shall bring no more communications before such a tribunal, but

when I have anything to say, shall send it to the free Herald.

Yours for truth and justice,

F. C. S. EVERETT.

P. S. That sister whose words I have quoted, wished if I noticed anything from her letter in the Herald, that her name might be given that she might not be supposed to have any sympathy with me, and I will send it if she still insists upon it.

(1) We should not have said any thing of course, about the Sabbath institution, in the Herald, if the clergy and their corporations had not made such a pro-slavery engine of the Holy Day. They have turned Holy Day against our cause like a battering ram. They have exalted themselves, by means of sacred time, as gods against anti-slavery. They cannot play to advantage against us without they can have holy time, to help carry on the horrible farce. On week days the people would be less afraid to think, and to discern, and might find out their jugglery. The *time* must be *holified*, to help overawe and spell-bind the people. What the clergy say and do, during *awful* time, may not be scrutinized by *lay* eyes. It would be sacrilege. This is a terrible point gained by the priesthood. And they wield it with fatal effect against anti-slavery. The people dare not hear anybody on that day, but the priesthood, or their licensed men. The Temperance advocate has to put himself under the patronage of the priesthood, or he can't be heard Sundays. And they allow him to speak under great limitations, for fear the people will get accustomed, on holy day, to hearing any body but the clergy.—They fear it would make the ear of the people uneasy and roving, to hear lay preachers on Sunday. Anti-Slavery they are positively forbidding on Holy Day.

Then we will examine into this matter of holy time, and see whether christianity knows of any. And we rejoice to find that it does not. Judaism had a Sabbath day. Christianity never had. It is a fraud and a piece of witchcraft in the priesthood, to impose the institution on the people, as a gospel institution. The gospel repudiates it, as much as it does the old burnt offerings. The cunning priest, with long, disfigured face, and dismal whine, doles out the 4th commandment from his pulpit, and the people quail under it—for it is in the Bible, and is one of the ten commandments of the catechism, and was written by God's own finger on a table of granite rifted from one of the awful ledges of Mount Sinai. Thunder and woe be to him that *thinks* in the face and eyes of the 4th commandment! Now we ask our anti-slavery friends, one and all, to read the scriptures for themselves, and see whether they are not full to this effect, that the Sabbath day was given to the Israelites alone—and as a nation—on their escape from Egypt, and entirely on account of that escape, and if the apostolic writers did not strenuously admonish the early christians, to beware how they dragged the institution after them into christianity. Remember we deny nothing more than that the Sabbath is a *christian* institution.—This we do deny, and thus strip the priesthood of the power they derive from it as a *gospel* engine.—As an institution once established among the *Jews*, they may make the most of it. Or they may insist on the expediency of a day of rest or for religious discipline,—but don't let them quote their 4th commandment, as ministers of *Christ*, and addressing *christians*. With christianity all time is alike—and all days equal. On this ground the clergy would, for the present, have advantage enough against anti-slavery,—but on the ground that the day is holy to *Christianity*, it makes them gods over us.

(2) Yes—and which the clergy repudiate. They are bound by profession and contract to preach something essentially different from this. The sects have each a theology—or a christianity *new-organized*, and they want attorneys to manage it before the people. They want cunning, shrewd, subtle counsel—that know all the crooks, and turns, and can thread all the mazes of divinity. Should any of them go to preaching the simple gospel, he would violate his pledge, as the lawyer would his oath to be true to his client, if he should turn aside from the cause of the party, to pleading for impartial justice between the two. The sectarian clergy are dedicated to their clients, and have no more to do with spreading the gospel, than the Mahometans have—though they all profess it. They set at nought every principle of the gospel in their very warfare with each other,—except when fear of anti-slavery, or some such reform, drives them to a sort of Herod and Pilate reconciliation for a time. Those who preach real christianity they ferociously brand as infidels, and trample them under foot.

(3) We ask our respected sister where she finds, in the gospel, any authority for calling any temple made with hands the House of God, or regarding it as such? Judaism had its tabernacle and its temple, but christianity has neither. Judaism had a worship and a service which needed a temple—an altar and a priesthood. Christianity introduced a worship, that needed nor admitted of either. The worship of christianity is the life and conversation. The sacrifice it offers is not bulls or goats—or professional prayers,—or songs and instruments of music ever so skilfully performed,—but the "body offered up a living sacrifice unto God, which is" christianity's "reasonable service." This is its only sacrifice, and a Meeting-House is not the place for such an offering. The place is where human action leads mankind to go and be,—real life we mean—not ceremonial life. Christianity knows no Temples, ever since its way-faring Author disowned both temple and temple-worship, at the well of Samaria. The priests want temples, as well as days—and they must be *sacred* temples. They must have holy *places*, as well as holy times. It all helps overawe and entrance the people. If the place were not holy, the people would be apt to *think* and *look* there, as they do elsewhere, and might detect priestly sleight of hand. The House must be dedicated—then it becomes holy ground, and the soul must put off its shoes, and lay aside its faculties, for the place wherein it stands, &c. A holy house is desecrated by anti-slavery. What a *purchase* this gives the pro-slavery priest. He disfigures his visage, and cries it "is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven!" And anti-slavery has to retire.

The veil of the old Jewish Temple was rent at the crucifixion, and God shortly after left not one stone of it upon another. Christianity of course never rebuilt it—either at Jerusalem—or on Mount Gerizim—or here on New England's hills. The clergy want houses of God. They are God's vice-gerents on earth, and want palaces to hold their court in. When they get into a meeting-house, they are in their palace. His holiness the Pope has got one at Rome, that is quite up to any thing Solomon ever built. The dome of the grand centre is only about 400 feet up! It is said you could set St. Paul's of London, into it whole—and the centre of St. Paul's would parade ten regiments. His holiness' *Meeting-House* is called St. Peters, after the Galilee fisherman, who, it may be remembered, was a great frequenter of grand houses, and a great stickler for magnificence in his day! Our Yankee Popes have not the wealth and style, any more than the good taste of *Roman* Catholicism—but they must have them, every one, a little St. Peters, with as much ginger-bread architecture about it, as they can get the vanity of *their* people up to,—with a weather-cock on the top, at any rate. They get their long-faced Brotherhood together and *consecrate* it, and then it becomes "the house of God"—to be entered by nobody but the clergy or their order, unless when the patriotic people want it for town meeting—or for muster on wet training days. Training and town meeting are near akin to worship.—They don't desecrate. But this abolition "infidelity" desecrates like every thing. A holy house—on a holy day and a holy clergy to perform, and what can stand before them! A white pine might as well think of standing a clap of thunder and lightning! as anti-slavery of standing all these. It becomes in their hands, like chaff before the whirlwind. We thank God we have been enabled to see that christianity has no house of God. It is plain to see, as a barn door, or a barn—or the blue sky overhead—but a priest-bewitched people can't see any thing. They *absolutely cannot see any thing!*

(4) A word about sectarian churches. The Priests must have them, or they might as well be without Sabbath and sanctuary. They must have a corporate body where things can be carried by the majority, in spite of individuality and conscience, or they could not manage. If they have got to convince individuals, there is an end of their power.—Sometimes they cannot control the majority of the corporation. They must then resign, as the British *ministry* do—though instead of going into retirement like them, they are only *called of God* to another parish. The power of these corporations over the individual is dreadful.—Under a cunning priest they are worse than the Inquisition. No man can be an abolitionist and live in one of them. A woman is a perfect slave in them, as much as she is in a Turkish Harem. They don't hesitate to treat her openly as a bond slave. No christian woman can belong to one of them—or christian man either—in fact. This is a sweeping statement—but we understand its extent, and feel confident of its literal truth. A christian cannot live in one of them, any more than a freeman can live under an overseer's whip on a plantation. We appeal to all experience. A christian will flee out of these corporations as soon as he feels the *first impulses* of Christianity.

All these questions are become vitally important to the anti-slavery enterprise. This enterprise is in fact, at the present stage of it, little else than a grapple against the priesthood as usurpers of the *christian* ministry. Whatever exposes their anti-christian character advances anti-slavery. Indeed we think hardly any thing else does advance it. It is idle to war politically against slavery. The political parties are its servants.—It rules them as authoratively as the Centurion did the soldiers under him. And it would rule 3d Party if that was big enough to make it any object.—Long before it would get big enough, it would be as corrupt and expedient as the others. The Religion of the country is the Bulwark of Slavery.

Creole Case---Federal Court Decision as to Fugitives---John Quincy Adams, &c.

Our anti-slavery papers are making much of them. For our part we can make nothing of them, except as the mere coruscations of the surface of slavery. Anti-slavery, it seems to us, has nothing to say about them—except, perhaps, to tell the politicians *to look at them*, and see a little what the system is doing, even in these outside matters. What then must be the state of things within! If such is the politics slavery generates—what must be its RELIGION. If it makes such Judges, and Secretaries of State, and Congresses, as these, what sort of monstrosities must its Churches and Priesthood be! If such is its Constitution, what must be its Bible, and what sort of a Being its God! Horrible, horrible! And here we are watching the Jack-a-lanterns of politics, as if we could have any hand in their regulation, any more than the "niggers." And what could we do, if we had the whole management of the politics.—We are moralists, and we might as well *moralize* with the army and navy, as with politics. Anti-slavery cannot wield politics—or 'spontoons—or broadsides. We must renovate the heart of the nation, by the "foolishness of preaching!"

Quarterly Receipts.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and therefore an essential ingredient in the character of an old organized anti-slavery editor. No other sort of anti-slavery editor however, has any grounds for the exercise of faith, for he has nothing to "hope for," but failure and abandonment, or to *look for*, but running ashore and dissolving back to the beggarly pro-slavery elements from which he set out.

The extinction of the Herald of Freedom has been predicted with the confident certainty of second sight. The *Reverend* Spiteful Torrey, after a personal inspection of our homely sign board, and consultation on the spot with *Reverend* Messrs. Town-meeting Tracy and Politics St. Clair, *solemnly* exclaimed, that as for the Herald of Freedom, "Salt could not save it." All we had to reply to that was that, so far as we were concerned, if "salt could not save it," we would try *going without salt*. We would try *faith* with our potatoe. We knew we were in the right and we thought it would be odd if Providence did not in some way keep us at our work. We went on, with an expectation scarcely short of assurance. We undertook editing without even a nominal salary—and running up our rude little flag to the topmost rod, and standing tiptoe on the invisible peak, we shook it at the stars, and *there* nailed it—that there should be no hauling down, if we should grow faint for lack of "*salt*." Our first quarter's support amounted to $25, in round numbers. A good beginning—promising $100 for the year, if the mercury kept *up*. New-organization grinned in anticipation of our famine. Our second quarter's amounted to near $40—over $39, we believe. It was an evident *advance*—but then New-organization took more courage and raised her bets—at the very augmentation, it was so meagre a one, and so hopeless, for us and our multitude, which vied in number with the assemblage about the stake in the N. E. Primer. For ourself we neither hoped, nor feared, nor cared any thing about it. We were doing the best we could at the Herald regardless of personal consequences, and that was all we felt bound to do. We were aware that the clergy would do *what they could for us*—but our impression was that God would prove an overmatch for them, and we felt that He was on our side.

How rightly we were judging, let events show, so far as the secondary matter of bread goes. We give our 3d quarter's return, and commend it to our enemies as well as our dear friends, who have been painfully solicitous on our account.

Hiram W. Blanchard, Neponset, Mass.,	$00 50
Charlotte H. L. Coues, Portsmouth,	3 50
Wm. Bolles, New-London, Ct., a mechanic,	20 00
John Parkman, Dover, a clergyman—but a MAN,	5 00
Nancy Reed, Abington, Mass.,	2 00
John Huse, Hill, farmer,	1 00
Julia Wooster, Pembroke,	5 00
Benj. Chase, Chester, emancipated Presbyterian Elder,	2 00
Albert M. Chase, Bradford, Lot, formerly of Reverend Stephen Rogers' Sodom,	5 00
Mary D. Byrd, Taunton, Mass.,	1 00
Moses Thompson, Danbury, mechanic,	1 00
Robert Adams, PAWTUCKET, R. I.,	5 00
Simeon Terry, the Boscawen wheelwright,	2 00
Nantucket Fair—disinterested women, strangers, looking abroad over the field for fidelity and intrepidity (and by the hand of SAMUEL PHILBRICK, Treasurer of the Old Pioneer Society of Massachusetts,)	40 00
John B. Paine, Pembroke, restless under the chains of Sect,	50
Peter Burns, Jr. Milford, free,	5 00
Simeon Kenney, Jr,	3 00
Alford Jones,	1 00
Lucinda Melendy,	1 00
Elizabeth Melendy,	2 00
Eliza Kenney,	1 00
Luther Melendy,	5 00
The last 6, "Chestnut Hill" abolitionists.	
Dover Fair,	179 00
New-Hampshire women. The guardian angels of the Herald of Freedom, (not angels as the clergy esteem woman.) We have to be silent, when we would speak of the labors of the handful of New-Hampshire women, who *dare* do what they *wish* to, for the cause of humanity. If woman were *free* in New-Hampshire, she would overwhelm the anti-slavery press with fostering patronage. A handful have *risen* against their chains.	
John B. Chandler, Concord,	8 00
W. W. Estabrook, Concord,	1 00
James N. Buffum, Lynn, Mass.	5 00
Lynn is in *New-Hampshire!*	
D. N. Haskell, Boston,	8 50
Some two years ago, at a crowded monthly concert in the city, a stranger, whose countenance we hardly discerned in the dusk, thrust a small coin into our hand. We assured him we were in no want. The stranger insisted he would do a little something for the cause. We thought some kind hearted abolitionist, with a heart bigger than his purse, had cast in a sort of widow's mite—some dime or York shilling—into the slave's exchequer, and we deposited it, without inspection, in our pocket. Some time after we detected a yellow half eagle there, and the *perpetrator* we discovered to be friend Haskell, of 117 Washington Street. He is an old subscriber to the Herald of Freedom.	
Sarah Pugh, Philadelphia, teacher,	9 80
John A. Collins, of the Anti-Slavery Cause,	10 20
Samuel Philbrick, near Boston,	10 00
Amos Farnsworth, Groton, Mass.,	10 00
Wendell Phillips, Boston,	25 00
Francis Jackson, Boston,	25 00
Stillman Lothrop, Cambridge, Mass.,	5 00
SETH SPRAGUE, Duxbury, Mass.,	10 00
Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I.,	5 00
Sally Emery, Somersworth, *mechanic*,	1 00
	$419 00

Some kind presents we might add from friends in Henniker and Canterbury, besides the donations acknowledged from time to time heretofore. We close by asking our anti-slavery friends to forget us a while, and remember their printer, and their agents, FOSTER and PILLSBURY, who are jeoparding their lives in the high places of the field.

James Forten.

We learn by the Liberator the recent death, at Philadelphia, of this venerable colored man and abolitionist. Every abolitionist has heard of JAMES FORTEN.—We had the satisfaction of knowing him personally, and of having enjoyed his correspondence to some extent. He was a man of very extraordinary character. Under all the mountain disabilities of his complexion, he rose to a high degree of respectability and success in life, as well as intellectual attainment. Had he been a white man, the same amount of character would have placed him among the most distinguished citizens of the country. We venerate him infinitely the more for his disqualifying race. In spite of all the *invincible* obstacles that overwhelm the colored man, and crush instantly to the dust all his most distant prospects of approaching the common level of humanity,—JAMES FORTEN rose to a degree of respect and dignity, truly sublime.—He conquered, by mere personal worth, the prejudice of a Nation,—a prejudice which that nation has impiously declared invincible even by christianity itself.—Denying the colored man a place in the human family, and assigning him the brute level of slave, as the only condition of his toleration any where within the boundaries of civilized life, they were still compelled, all of them who knew him, the high as well as the low, to respect and venerate profoundly the Philadelphia Sail-maker. They could not help it. Even after Anti-Slavery arose in the land, demanding the recognition of the colored man's equal Humanity—and when he must be respected at the hazard of allowing the Humanity of his enslaved and abhorred race—the white men of Philadelphia and wherever else JAMES FORTEN was known, continued to respect and venerate him still. It would have seemed a sort of sacrilege to despise him and they made him an exception to his race.

He died at the age of 76, we believe. We beg his bereaved family to accept our most affectionate sympathies in this their bereavement, and the loss sustained by the Anti-Slavery cause.

Died at Weare, on the 4th instant, ZACHEUS GOVE, of that place, aged about 52 years. Another of our beloved Anti-Slavery friends and coadjutors recently removed from Weare—and one of the earliest, we understand, in the State to espouse the Abolition Cause, and a firm and constant adherent through evil report and through good, until he has quitted the scene of agitation. Precious is the memory of the faithful Abolitionist. How low and mean the remembrance of wealth or honors in comparison.—How consoling and refreshing at life's close, to think it had not been wasted in their base and guilty pursuit, but in the great and glorious service of Humanity—in the service of Christ—the service of God. The kindred cause of Temperance too experienced the faithful aid of our deceased brother, and with Anti-Slavery suffers a bereavement in his death. The Lord raise up helpers in both to fill his place—and double the diligence of the few that survive him.

Died at Waterville, N. Y., JOHN FROST—one of the Signers of the Constitution of the National Anti-Slavery Society in 1833. The abolitionists of Concord will remember him along with the strangers, Charles Stuart, and Amos A. Phelps, who helped introduce Anti-Slavery into New-Hampshire, in 1834. He was a man of powerful intellect and intrepid spirit.—He was suffered to remain a nominal clergyman—and how far he continued his endeavors to be an abolitionist, we are not knowing. Our acute minded brother Phelps, who then baffled pro-slavery so triumphantly in our old Town Hall, has returned to his clerical "wallowing," and of course will trouble slavery no more. He has recently been in-*stalled* in Boston, by the Hubbard Winslow Brotherhood, and has long regretted, we understand, that he ever left the snug precincts of Pine Street pulpit, from which his daring attempts to be an abolitionist ejected him many years since. He did not forsake all for humanity—yet he forsook much, and had he died in the field, before the Secession of 1839, would have been most honorably remembered in anti-slavery history. Captain Charles Stuart has new-organized in Britain, from military horror of non-resistance, and of woman's usurpation, on the anti-slavery platform, of moral equality with a British Officer! Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.

From the Non-Resistant.

The Glorious Union.

The example of the United States is fast demonstrating what should have been an axiom in morals, that a government founded on a breach of the Divine laws must needs fall of its end—the prosperity and happiness of the people. This country was the first that created its own government, and laid its foundation in the consent of the governed. All other governments called in the aid of antiquity and mystery, and claimed a divine because an obscure origin. The United States was the first nation that dispensed with all such helps, and went to work in a business-like way to manufacture such a machine as would best serve their purposes. Unfortunately for them, they took counsel of human wisdom, and strove to be wiser than Supreme wisdom. They built their edifice upon compromises, not remembering that a compromise in morals must ever be a breach of morality, and must bring its own punishment along with it. In order to secure their own rights, as they thought, they agreed to consent to the stripping of a sixth part of their fellow-countrymen of all their rights. And as a consequence of this compromise, they were obliged to make others to render it the more secure to those for whose especial advantage they had conceded it. Ever since the formation of the Federal Government, the fatal effects of these deviations from the straight paths have been felt, and they have been growing more and more grievous every day. The Constitution is construed to be a compact, of which all the compromises are on one side, and all in favor of slavery. Every provision which may be found inconsistent with this theory is trampled under foot with the most ruthless contempt. As a reward for these concessions to the slave-masters, the North have been permitted to pay nearly the whole of the public expenses, and to furnish their slaveholding confederates with the fruits of their labors for something less than nothing, besides the infamy of their position before the world, and the insults which have been heaped upon them by those whose tools they are. I presume that statistics would show that the free half of the Union has gained nothing by their adulterous marriage with slavery—though statistics cannot show the tithe of the loss suffered—while it has condemned the southern portion to a still greater evil, because it has enabled it to continue to this day its fatal system of labor. What prosperity has waited upon the people of the land, what increase there has accrued in wealth and population within the last half-century, has been in spite and not in consequence of that ill-omened Union. A volume of startling results might be compiled which would show the mobocracy of property and standing for how small a gain, or rather for how great a loss they waged war against the first principles of freedom.

The evil effects of these and the other false principles in which the people of this country have built up their social institutions, seem to be more and more rapidly developing themselves. Public Faith is becoming a common jest. Sovereign States are refusing to pay their just debts on the most paltry pretences, or on no pretences at all. The slaveholding region is one scene of public and private bankruptcy. The northern States, though somewhat sustained by the stamina of free labor and a somewhat better commercial morality, yet stagger beneath the blows which their prosperity has received from that much counted region. For all the purposes for which the Union was framed, it might as well have remained in its original elements. Its only fruits seem to be the impoverishment of one portion of the country by the perpetuation of slavery, of the remainder by the losses which that wasteful system necessarily imposes on all within its reach, and the demoralization of the whole country as a mass. And now we present the anomalous spectacle of a nation with no war upon its hands, except with a handful of savages, with no heavy national debt, unable to meet its ordinary expenses, and unable to raise a loan of moderate amount. There is even reason to fear that we shall be unable to prosecute our favorite chase of the Seminoles for want of funds, and that our coastwise slave-trade may be deprived of the convoy of our national ships, for its protection not from foreign enemies, but from the unnatural hostility of its own cargoes. Indeed there seems to be a likelihood that this 'human government' that we have so much lauded, may come to an untimely end for the want of the means by which it only can live. And all this time we have some hundreds of men in our pay at Washington, at an enormous expense, for the transaction of our affairs, who have almost literally done nothing for nearly three months; excepting about a week when they were resolved into a national Anti-Slavery Debating Society, with John Q Adams as leader. Truly one would think that this human government is an unwieldly and expensive business, and that it would be a much more economical as well as simple method for each man to govern himself by the Divine laws. It was after all not so absurd a thing on the part of the colony of Connecticut, in its early days, to enact that the laws of God should remain in force until they had time to make better. The whole country would have been in a vastly better condition—as the world counts better—if it had been content to do likewise. All these inconveniences and sufferings spring from the violation of the Divine laws, and they will ever flow from the same fountain until it ceases to send out its bitter waters. No empiricism of State Quacks can cure the disease of the land—no bank, no sub-treasury—nothing but righteousness and honesty can restore it to its natural health—an estate which it has never yet enjoyed. When men shall have recovered from the distempers which now disorder their senses, and are returned to a normal state of mind, and, as a consequence, to a condition of true and solid prosperity, they will look back to these days of charlatanism and folly as we revert to the delusions of the days of witchcraft. It will then be found that the laws of the soul are the only laws of trade, the true regulators of the currency, the safest guardians of public treasure and private rights. And men will marvel that they were ever so besotted as to seek to be wiser than the Omniscient, and stronger than the Almighty.

Remarkable and Ominous Decisions in the Supreme Court of the U. S.!

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1842.

The Supreme Court to-day gave an important decision affecting the rights and interest of the northern States and the value and destiny of the Union, beyond any question ever before decided under the Constitution. It was on the great case between the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania, as to the right of the latter State to punish any person who should carry away, by violence, *any* inhabitant of Pennsylvania, on the pretence of his being a slave. The law in question was passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, about the year 1838, I think, under Ritner's administration, on occasion of an outrageous kidnapping of a peaceable, free colored man in the southern part of the State, by persons from Maryland, who falsely claimed him as a slave. The law punishes the crime of kidnapping the free inhabitants of Pennsylvania, by fine and imprisonment.—Out of some case connected with the execution of that law, came up the point which the Supreme Court were called on to decide to-day.

The decision of the court was broad; covering even *the whole question of the right of trial by jury*, as secured by the recent law in your State. Well, they decide, with but one dissenting voice, that the law in question, and all other State laws which prevent the most summary reclamation of all fugitive slaves (or *any* persons *claimed* as such) under the act of Congress which ordains the mode of that reclamation, are unconstitutional, and therefore null. There goes the trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, and every recent provision for the peace and safety of our persecuted colored fellow-citizens at the North, of which we have boasted so much—all gone, at one puff of breath.

The points decided by a majority of the Court were—

1st. That the provision in the Constitution of the United States relative to fugitive slaves, executes itself so far as to authorize the owner or his agent to seize the fugitive in any State in the Union, as property; and that no State law is constitutional which interferes with such rights.

2d. That this provision also contemplates legislation by Congress, to make the delivery of a fugitive slave more effectual against all State or other interference.

3d. That Congress having legislated, such legislation in the supreme law of the land, excluding all State legislation upon the same subject; and with which legislation by Congress, no State can pass any law to qualify, impede, or control the remedy given by the act of Congress.

4th. The power of Legislation by Congress is exclusive; and no State can pass any law to carry into effect the constitutional provision in regard to fugitive slaves, even though Congress had not legislated upon the subject.

5th. That the points thus decided are in no manner intended to interfere with the *police power* of the States to take up runaway slaves, and guard against their misconduct or depredations.

This opinion was delivered by Mr. Justice Story.

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

David Fales, Benj. Nealey, Asa Bean, M. H. Morey, Uriah T. Chamberlain, Wm. Chamberlain, M. Bedee, Elizabeth Russell, T. M. Hanson, Isaac Austin, George Clasby, $1.50 each.——A. Fairbanks, Charles S. Gilman, John Kenney, George R. Gilbert, Persis Eastman, 1.00 each.——J. G. Sargent, James Milligan, 5.00 each.——Ezekiel Mills, Leonard George, 2.00 each.——I. S. Boyd, 7.00.——Thomas Kimball, Jr, 1.68.——Samuel Rogers, 3.00.——John Rogers, 3.57.——David Fowler, 1.60.——P. P. Boxton, 75 cts.——Albe Cady, 4.50.——Joel Barker, 1,00.

DONATION.—"Benezet," 1.00

WANTED at this Office, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 10, and 22, of the 7th Volume of the Herald.

Essex County Awake!

The regular quarterly meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the Methodist Church, Ipswich, Ms., on THURSDAY, March 24th, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Various important resolutions, relating to the Church, the State, the American Union, &c., which were laid upon the table for further discussion at the last meeting, will come up for consideration.

Several friends from abroad will be present, and it is hoped the anti-slavery men and women of "old Essex" will make a *grand rally*.

JAMES D. BLACK, Sec.

Danvers, March 1, 1842.

Notice.

THIS may certify that I, Elijah Mitchell, of Campton, in the County of Grafton, and State New-Hampshire, have this day given my son, Timothy W. Mitchell, his time. He is therefore at liberty to trade and act for himself, and I shall hereafter pay no more of his debts nor claim any more of his earnings after this date.

ELIJAH MITCHELL.

Campton, March 5, 1842.

Poetry.

The Little Black Boy.

BY BLAKE, THE PAINTER.

My mother bore me in the southern wild;
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child;
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:—

'Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy,—
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, 'till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand, and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

The Pension.

Oh yes 'tis kind to give it, for I could not earn my bread;
I have no heart nor strength to work, for Willie he is dead!
But take it, take it back again! the price of blood I see!
The guardian, lover, husband gone, oh, what is gold to me?

I threw my arms around him, and I begged him not to go;
Sure others not so dear as he, as well could meet the foe;
The tears dashed down his manly cheek;—the little ones did pray,
'Dear father! we will both be good, if you will only stay!'

I sought the glittering sword to wrest, the gorgeous sash untie,
'Oh, where is light or joy for me, my Willie, if you die?
I love my country, but oh, more the husband of my youth;
Oh, Willie, stay, and death itself shall prove my love and truth!'

The haughty plume, the golden chains, elaborate dress of death,
How did the trappings seem to mock our quivering, parting breath!
I tried the gaudy dress to loose,—each clasp was firmly set!
I shrieked in agony again—'My Willie, go not yet!'

And thrice his choking voice essayed, in vain, a whisper low;
He held us tighter, tighter still; methought 'he will not go!'
Then bursting from his inmost soul, there came a direful groan,
'I leave you, leave you, helpless ones, I leave you all alone!

My heart is broken if I go, my honor if I stay,—
And a coward's name is yours and our little ones' this day!
I know I shall not come again, for I must front the van!
I fear not death,—but oh, your love,—these children,—they unman!'

Then suddenly, oh suddenly, he thrust the tears aside;
He rushed away, he rushed away, and in the battle died;
And there, all trampled in the dust, he lies there where he fell,
And I not by to staunch his wounds, nor hear his last farewell!

The widow and the orphan now, a stricken, helpless band,
We linger 'round the battle-field, our wail moves o'er the land;
'I know I shall not come again!'—it was the last he said;
Oh, ye give us of your treasures, but ye bring not back the dead!

Communications.

PLYMOUTH, February —, 1842.

State of the Anti-Slavery cause at Plymouth--Thomas Parnell Beach dragged from the Methodist Chapel!!

Brother Rogers: I have for some time past had it in mind to give you some account of the progress of the cause of Universal Freedom here at the "old landing place."—But every number of the Herald has discouraged me—for when I read the writings and sayings of others, my own poor stuff looks so worthless that I had much rather hear and see, than be seen or heard. But as no one else seems ready for the task, I will try to give you some sketch of our prospects—which, viewing also the past, are truly encouraging.

Compare the sentiments of the people in '35 and at the present time. Then the negro race were considerod by the majority as fit for nothing but to build causeways of for blessed white people to walk on; and the man that dared to speak in their defense was fed with rotten eggs, uncooked,--clothed with shame, with a rope for his cravat—his head was pillowed with bricks and stones—his sitting room was the dungeon—his pleasant walk, bounded by the limits of the jail yard—his printing office was an old garret—his friends were few—his person despised—his principles abhorred—his name cast out as evil—and nothing but his head was considered worth having, for which a price was offered.

For the present state of feeling I would refer your readers to the account in the last Herald, of the Boston meetings—and just see that noble friend to man (who was once dragged through the streets with a halter about his neck, and then thrust into jail to save him from the mob) holding in breathless silence a vast multitude—waiting for his interrogatories—and then hear the hearty response, and all in favor of the poor down-trodden slave. May we not with propriety exclaim what hath God wrought. But this is Boston, not Plymouth Anti-Slavery. You know fashion has to rage a long time in the city, before it takes well in the country.—So with Anti-Slavery. Here it is just going through the dragging process. We had a little bit of a clerical drag-out at the Methodist Synagogue last Sunday. I had thought of not mentioning it. But there are a number that evidently wish to shew their devotedness to sect—so that peradventure they may be noticed more favorably by the brotherhood. I wish them to enjoy every advantage that may be derived from their present position, and it may do them good to have their conduct laid before them in such a manner that they may have the advantage of a retrospective view of it.

The facts in the case, as near I can gather them, are that last Sunday afternoon brother Beach happened into the Methodist meeting in this village. He felt impressed to deliver a message to them while they were collecting from the congregation about $14.00 to pay the High Priest who was present on the occasion. But not getting through as soon as the collectors did, the High Priest arose and said, sir, you are intruding on our time. But finding brother Beach not to be put off by the look or word of a priest, he (Mr. Cahoon, if I have got his name right) delivered him over to the congregation to do as they saw fit. Quite a stoop for a Presiding Elder. I wonder if he knew pretty near what the people would do. Thereupon a judge, (not Lynch) but one whose business it is to judge between the dead and the living—he was not so much out of his appropriate sphere as he might be, for here was a dead carcass of an organization and a living man to judge between—gave judgment. His verdict was in favor of the organization which is dead in trespasses and sin, and against the poor slave. I would just to him, in the words of another, a little altered:

Judges who rule the world by laws—
Dare you despise God's opprest poor,
And let the rich tyrant 'scape secure;
Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the Judges too!

Next came forward one Reverend Henry C. Phillips, who has leave to preach if he can get any hearers; that sesms to be the pinch. But he is a man of some *preach*, and has pretended to be in favor of free discussion and free principles. He has sometimes preached to the Methodists that would hear him. But they have commonly scampered off, something as they did Sunday evening, when I tried to talk to them for their bad conduct. He doubtless meant to show to the priests, both high and low, that he was as fit for a priest as either of them, and therefore seized Bro. Beach by the collar.—But a Gamaliel-kind of a brother advised him to refrain. Whereupon he concluded to wait further orders from the ruler of the synagogue, who at this time commenced reading a hymn, directing the singers to sing it, which they did at the expense of all the powers of their throats and lungs. This ended, Bro. Beach resumed; when Mr. Samuel Dearborn stretched himself like a horse-leech, and about as blood thirsty, I suppose; and having his courage raised by the sound of his own voice, (which doubtless sounded to him like the thunders of a cataract,) he clenched Bro. Beach by the collar, giving him a sudden pull, which brought him to the floor; when the Reverend Phillips came forward, Boa Constrictor-like, ready to swallow all the Beaches, and Maples too, that could stand on an acre, if they stood in the way of the high priest. Then came one Capt. Roswell Emerson, a real son of Mars—a man of courage—a man of war and of blood. And now having all things ready, the Reverend Mr. Phillips and Mr. Dearborn in front, and the Captain in the rear, Bro. Beach was dragged out and left on the step of the door. The Reverend Mr. Phillips and Mr. Dearborn returned into the house to celebrate, or witness the celebration of the sufferings of Him who was led out of the city and suffered without the camp for the sins of these same men who had just dragged their brother from the house; that house which was once professedly dedicated to the service of God. Capt. Emerson remained for a time by Bro. Beach, while he conversed with those who drew around, some to hear and some to abuse him, knowing that they would have the sanction of the clerical authority for any abuse they might see fit to heap upon him. But the man of war had not fully tested his valor, and he seized him by the collar, and said we will go on to the hay scales, and see which weighs the most. But he was told in terms unmistakable, by one standing by, that they had done enough, and he was then left by those *children*, as his Master was once left by their *father*, "for a season."

The people are getting their eyes open, and they begin to see. They are reading for themselves. The self-constituted authorities have got to be judged by the people. There are many spirits, and they are on the increase too, who will never yield the point till they put their armor off to rest their heads on the lap of mother earth.

There is much complaint by these canting sectarians about disturbance of meetings, merely by an individual speaking a few words of *truth*. But Pennsylvania Hall might be burned full of abolitionists, and Lovejoy's blood poured out to satisfy an infuriated mob, and they would never utter one complaint, only say "he died as the fool dieth." It is often said that northern Methodism does not tolerate slavery; but if there ever was a system on earth that recognized the relation of master and servant it is that of Methodism itself. They would lock every man's mouth in eternal silence, that should dare to speak a word against their order or *dis*-order. But the only way to get rid of Anti-Slavery is to hear, for it *will speak*, and speak in thunder-tones too. It has already spoken in such accents that it is rocking this nation to its centre—and it is said that if it is not silenced it will "dissolve the Union." For one, if the Union can only be continued by the sweat and blood and tears and groans and death even of my fellow man, I say LET IT BE DISSOLVED—and the sooner the better. This predicting evil consequences arising from right motives and right actions, is perfect nonsense. How can right produce evil?

The anti-slavery principle is destined to sweep through the great moral deep, and like a mighty torrent to carry every obstacle in its way—for it is Truth, unchangeable, eternal Truth. It is that principle which will overcome every obstacle, whether it be clad in the costume of the soldier, or the gown of the priest. It will be present at the ushering in of the bright morn of the Millenium—when the nations shall have no more occasion for sword or spear, having ceased to learn war.

E. C. ROGERS.

CORNISH, N. H., Feb'y 7, 1842.

To Rev. N. W. Smith---His Position.

My Brother: In the discussion last week, between brother St. Clair and myself, he offered the following resolution—which you said you wrote.

"*Resolved*, That we can recognize no ruler, lawgiver, judge or king but God."

I asked you before the assembly, "Do you *oppose* that resolution"? "Yes, I do oppose it," was your reply. In opposing it, you say to the people for whom you *perform* in the pulpit, that you and they must have some other lawgiver, judge and ruler besides God—that you must have some one else to make laws for you, and rule over you—that God is not enough. In opposing that resolution, do you not call in question God's *sufficiency*, as Lawgiver, Judge and Ruler; and cast contempt upon His sovereignty? For your own sake, do re-consider this matter, and see whether your position becomes a child and subject of God.

Again. I asked, "Do you receive the gospel of Christ as your *only* rule of practice"? "Yes, I do in *religious* matters," was your reply. "What is your rule of action in matters which you deem *secular*"? I asked, "The laws of the State—*human* enactments," was your reply. I asked, "Do you regard the treatment of enemies a *religious* or a secular concern"? No answer. "Will you take Christianity as your *only* rule in the treatment of enemies"? I understood you to say, you would *not*—that you should deal with enemies according to *human* laws and tribunals. I then told you I thought you ought to regard all your actions as *religious* matters, and be governed *solely* by the precepts and laws of Christ in *all* things. You thought not, but would take *Christ's* laws to guide in *religious* matters—*State* laws to govern in *secular* concerns.—Do you not see what a door you open to injustice and oppression by this distinction? You say to men, whatever matters you see fit to regard as "SECULAR," you may regulate according to your own will and pleasure, expressed in constitutions and statute laws—but only in what you choose to regard as "*religious*," must you be governed by Christ's laws; as farmers, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, clergymen, soldiers, hangmen, you may be ruled by laws of your own making. In most of the actions that go to make up life and shape our destinies, you say to men, "do what is right in your own eyes"—in the rest, "do what is right in the sight of God." Now I believe Christianity is designed to be a law of life in *all* things. Because I do so, and would have men be governed by Christ's laws in *all* things,—you accuse me of denying Christ, of infidelity and anarchy. Is it denying Christ to recognize none but Him for my Lawgiver, Judge and Ruler? Is it infidelity to receive Christianity as the only law of life? Is it anarchy to govern all my business, social and domestic relations solely by the spirit and laws of Christ, without regard to the "commandments of men"? Do you really think, if rejecting *all* human creeds, laws and devices, we live out, in all our relations, the spirit and precepts of Christ, we can be infidels or anarchists? If all would obey Christ as their *only* Lawgiver, Judge and King—could they be disorderly? Yet, you join brother St. Clair, in denouncing *Non-Resistants* as infidel, and dangerous, because they would have all obey Christ as their *only* Lawgiver and King. My brother, review your treatment of non-resistance, during the past week, and see if you can meet it at His tribunal whose prerogatives as Lawgiver, Judge and King are in question between us.

Again. You said you believed all international wars to be wrong. If to make war be wrong, to consent to be vested with war-making power must be wrong. How then can you hold a war-making office, and take an oath to make war in a specified case—i. e. "foreign invasion." If a sin for you to be "commander-in-chief of the army and navy," and swear faithfully to do its duties—how can you vote for another to that office without guilt? What is sin to do ourselves—it is sin to send another to do. Yet you join brother St. Clair, in denouncing non-resistants as anarchists, because they, believing with you, that all war is wrong, refuse to hold a war-making office, or elect others to it. Is this consistent? Is it christian?

Again. You hold that a government, making human *will* the law and *death* the sanction, is enjoined by Christ, and you denounce non-resistants for refusing to take any part in forming or administering it. Yet you said in the meeting, that you had not *voted for seven years*. Why do you not *vote* and urge the people to *vote*, if as you say, voting is a duty? Do you think your *clerical caste* will excuse you? If as you say, human government be a duty—you are bound to vote, and help administer it, and so much the more, as you are a clergyman. You should not let the fear of offending the party politicians among your *employers* deter you from doing your duty. If you do, and will not vote for fear of giving offence to those who attend on your *pulpit performances*, and of driving them away, with what grace can you rebuke *non*-resistants for refusing to vote as a matter of conscience? But you will say you don't deny the rightful *existence* of a government of human will and violence. No-indeed--you only say it is a duty to vote, then refuse to do that duty—and then denounce non-resistants, for refusing to vote in such a government, believing voting in it to be wrong. Is it doing as would be done by?

Again. You accused me of denying the *christian* church and ministry. When asked for proof, you read remarks made by me, against a church and clergy that sustain *slavery* and *war*. I deny that the Baptist, or Methodist, or Congregational compacts are *christian churches*, or their managers a christian ministry. A sectarian church and clergy cannot be the church and ministry of Christ.

Do you say that to reject the *Baptist compact*, with its slave auctions and garments rolled in blood, is to reject the church of Christ? *Not* to renounce the Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Roman compacts, with their cockades and epaulettes, their rifles and bloodhounds, their swords and guns, their robbery, concubinage and murder is to renounce the *christian* church. Do you say that to reject the disciplined, licensed, ordained and hired *directors* of these sectarian whip-platting, children-stealing, woman-whipping compacts is to reject the christian ministry? What do you mean, when you say that in rejecting these man-slaughtering, soul-destroying, God-defying compacts, and their ordained and *Reverend* managers, I reject the *christian* church and ministry?

The *christian* church and ministry I love—they are of God, and all who take counsel against them, God will laugh to scorn. I wish all would come into *Christ's church* and be priests and kings unto God—ambassadors from Heaven to earth, to point all to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

But these sectarian compacts are *marauders* on humanity. They steal, enslave and butcher men. They license and ordain *thieves* and *robbers* to go up and down as *christian* ministers. They wage war on *Human Brotherhood*. They drive asunder human hearts. They prey upon human rights. Their depredations are systematic and incessant. They make onset on the throne of the Eternal. These abominations they commit, directed and controlled by their licensed and consecrated agents. I would as soon advise a man to join a company of *sheep stealers*, highway robbers, or kidnappers, *as a church of Christ*, as these man-stealing, man-slaying compacts. I would no sooner fellowship the ordained and Reverend managers of these compacts as ministers of the meek and lowly Jesus than leaders and managers of bands of *horse-thieves* and pick-pockets.

Christian ministers have "the mind of Christ"—they have a *love* for men "that seeketh not her own"—they "esteem others better than themselves"—they "are meek and lowly in heart"—they "*love their enemies*"—they are of no reputation—are willing to be "counted fools" and "the off-scouring of the earth" for Christ—they "bear about daily, the dying of the Lord Jesus"—"for them to live is Christ"—"they dwell in God and God in them." Can such a ministry lead on and manage those marauding, blood-stained combinations that are called *christian churches*? NEVER. No more than Christ could head an *army* or a band of *kidnappers*.

Dear brother, I have no feelings towards you but love and kindness. If any other feeling is exhibited in this letter, show it, and I will confess my fault. Whatever you may have said against me is forgotten. If you have *insinuated*, or *said* any thing false of me, you have injured yourself more than me. There is no reason why I should feel other than loving and kind to you. You certainly have given me no occasion of resentment or bitterness, and if I have shown such a spirit towards you I am wrong.

Forget that there is such a being in the world as H. C. Wright. Think of the glorious doctrine of love to enemies, of forgiveness, of long-suffering, of *non-resistance* which you have heard him advocate. Let us both sit down together, as loving little children before our common Father and say, "Father, what wilt thou have us do"? How shall we treat our enemies? May the children ever *fight* and *kill* each other? I seem to hear our Father say, "My little *children, love one another*."

Dear brother, let us *love* one another. My heart is yours. Will you give me yours in return? Because it is thus with me I entreat you not to array yourself against NON-RESISTANCE. God is in it. It is instinct with Truth and Love. It *demands* that the government of this world be given to God. The throne of blood must fall before it. Defenceless, yet safe. Omnipotent in weakness. NON-RESISTANCE will conquer. Her watch-word is, *Conquer by suffering*—VICTORY IN DEATH.

Thine with a brother's heart,
H. C. WRIGHT.

NATHAN W. SMITH.

Grecian Hair Restorative.

THIS celebrated OIL stands unrivalled, either for preventing the hair from coming out, or restoring a full head of hair to those who have lost it from sickness or disease. There is not a solitary case, out of two thousand persons who have used this HAIR OIL, but have borne the strongest evidence of its efficacy, while it has never been known to fail in a single instance. It is a sovereign remedy in the cure of dandruff, and all diseases of the skin, which the head is liable to, and will, in all cases, increase the growth of the hair. The ladies will find the GRECIAN HAIR RESTORATIVE, one of the best articles now in use, for the toilet. And while it increases the growth of the hair, it causes the hair to be flexible, soft, and gives elasticity to it. It gives a general relaxatien to the pores, nourishes and moistens the hair, and prevents the skin from becoming dried, which is the principal cause of the hair's falling off. It prevents the acidity arising from perspiration, and has a decided advantage over all kinds of Pomatum, as it is notorious that those nostrums make such an impression on the pores, as not only to cause the hair to fall off, but to turn grey. For sale by E. BRACKETT, Ag't.
Concord, N. H., December 31, 1841.

Temperance House,
AT FRANKLIN, N. H.:

Kept by M. H. Morey.
January 1, 1842.]

SPECIAL.

In six weeks from this date the subscriber will be obliged to place his accounts in the hands of some one who will collect them. Notice is therefore given to all those who are indebted to him for the Herald of Freedom previous to January 1, 1841, that they can settle within six weeks at the office of the Herald without incurring additional cost.
ELBRIDGE G. CHASE.
Concord, N. H., February 1, 1842. 6w.

Removal.

E. BRACKETT, Agent, has removed his FANCY GOODS SHOP, one door south of Brown & Buswell's, opposite the Phœnix Hotel, where he hopes to receive a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon him.
Feb. 18, 1842.

Letter Paper.

ANTI-SLAVERY Letter Paper, for sale at this Office; price $4.00 a ream, 25 cents per quire.